SENATOR HOAR AS SEEN BY HIS FRIENDS IN WASHINGTON.

WASHINGTON, Aug. 27.—The passing of George Frisbie Hoar means much to Washington, yet he was little known here personally. Comparatively few among the capital's population were familiar with his face and figure.

He seldom appeared in public elsewhere than in the Senate chamber. Even among his legislative colleagues he had only one intimate and few friends, although a cordial regard existed between him and several of those who served with him in the so-called upper house.

For thirty-three of the thirty-five years of Mr. Hoar's public career here he lived in boarding houses, where, even if he had had the inclination and Mrs. Hoar's feeble health had permitted, there would have been no opportunity of entertaining. Two years ago Mr. Hoar surprised those who knew him by purchasing a residence in the fashionable northwest part of town.

It was 1605 Connecticut avenue, a modest three story brick house, surrounded by imposing neighbors. He paid $20,000 for it.

Mr. Hoar's reason for acquiring a home of his own in the capital at a time when he knew that he was nearing the end of his years was characteristic of the man. He explained to his friends that if Mrs. Hoar or himself should die here he wanted the satisfaction of knowing that he or she was not to pass away in a boarding house among strangers. The purchase of the residence in gratification of this desire was not made too soon, for on Christmas eve, 1903, Mrs. Hoar died in the new home.

After her death the Senator took little interest in things. She had been his constant companion since their marriage. When not obliged by legislative duty to be at the Capitol he was at her side.

On account of her health, which had been delicate for many years, they never went to social functions. They found diversion in driving and chatting with close friends, who came frequently to see them.

After Dr. Edward Everett Hale became chaplain of the United States Senate—an office which Mr. Hoar induced him to take—he and Mrs. Hale were almost daily visitors at the Hoar residence during the session of Congress. Justice Horace Gray of the United States Supreme Court, who died a few years ago, was regarded as Mr. Hoar's most intimate friend.

It was a satisfaction to Mr. Hoar's family and friends to know that death had no terrors for him. While he did not exactly welcome its coming, he awaited it philosophically and was even happy in the contemplation of a peaceful passing away.

He frequently spoke of the time when he should go. To his friend he said that he expected to die between the years of 78 and 80, because his father, his brother and other relatives had all gone just about the time they reached fourscore, although a sister is still living at 85. Mr. Hoar was born on Aug. 29, 1826.

When he mentioned his passing away he spoke of it as if he were going on a journey. His often repeated wish was that he should retain his mental faculties to the last and suffer no pain.

Like the late William M. Evarts, who lived to a good old age, Mr. Hoar was a testimonial to the beneficial effects of the rest cure.

He never took exercise. Other hard working Senators, who took their constitutionals in walking between the Capitol and their homes, wondered how Mr. Hoar was able to stand so much indoor intellectual labor without physical recreation.

Mr. Hoar always rode, usually in street cars, between his residence and the Senate. When he wanted the air, he went out in his carriage.

His pleasures were essentially mental. Just upon an adjournment of the Senate he was asked what he was going to do that summer for recreation.

"Rest in my library and read Greek," he said. It was his idea of a royal good time.

Yet, withal, he was genial and kindly. He knew few men and women, but in those he did know he had every faith.

A man of modest desires in most things, he had one marked extravagance—the collection of rare autographs and expensive prints. The library at his home in Worcester is one of the finest in the country. Here he found delight, surrounded by his books, his prints and his autograph collection.

Another deviation from his usual simplicity of living was shown when he travelled. He wanted always the most luxurious train and boat accommodations, and was willing to pay for them. If he could not get the best, the journey was unhappy. It was said that Mr. Hoar's insistence upon having the finest that railroad or steamer could supply to passengers was due more to his belief that the dignity of his place as a Senator required it than to any liking for mere creature comforts.

Mr. Hoar was twice married, and both of his wives were possessed of comfortable incomes, but the Senator was never regarded as a rich man. Nor had he any wish to acquire riches. He said frequently that he could truthfully aver that he had never had a desire for wealth.

"If any one should place in my hands at this moment $1,000,000 as a gift," he remarked once to a friend, "I doubt if it would produce any unusual emotion."

After his disagreement with his party in 1899 over the Philippine question, Mr. Hoar felt that his influence in the Senate was gone. In this he was not mistaken, but he never lost the great personal regard and respect of his colleagues on the Republican side on account of his differences with them.

There never was a man more highly respected than he. It may be said with truth that the affection and the esteem in which Mr. Hoar was held by other Senators was augmented rather than diminished after he became the champion of the anti-imperialists.

It is interesting to note that Mr. Hoar's relations with his colleague, Henry Cabot Lodge, were of the closest and most affectionate character, in spite of the fact that Mr. Lodge was one of the foremost Senatorial advocates of the policy of keeping the Philippines, if not the foremost. Mr. Lodge was the only Senator with whom he was on intimate terms, and this relationship had existed ever since Mr. Lodge entered the Senate.

It was commonly thought that Mr. Hoar's fight against the acquisition of our eastern possessions would cause his defeat for another term. But in spite of the fact that a majority of the Republican members of the Massachusetts Legislature were at variance with his views on that subject, Mr. Hoar was triumphantly reelected.

It was said also that the friendship between Mr. Hoar and Mr. Lodge had cooled on account of the elder man's attitude, and after Mr. Hoar's return to the Senate there were rumors that Mr. Lodge would have liked to sidetrack his colleague if he had dared. These reports were not true. Mr. Hoar knew that Mr. Lodge was loyal to him, and he made acknowledgment of his appreciation of Mr. Lodge's attitude in the following letter, which tells better than anything else of the affection in which he held the junior Senator:

MY DEAR COLLEAGUE: I wish to express, that it may remain permanently on record, my deep and grateful sense of your unfailing kindness and powerful support during a period which, as you doubtless well know, has been to me one of great trial. I have owed the great honor which has just come to me from our noble State very largely to the kindness of men who have differed from me on the greatest political question of the time, and to the moderation and disinterestedness of the men who might naturally and very properly have been expected to be my competitors. I do not know any like example in the political history of my country. I should seem to go far beyond the bonds of decorum if I were to speak out what is in my heart on this matter.

I am happy to believe that you have before you a long, honorable and most brilliant career of service to the Commonwealth and the country. You are still among the younger Senators. The impression you make among everybody is still that of vigorous youth. Large as are the honorable achievements you have already made, you are in my opinion in the beginning only of a period of very large and rapid growth. No man can of course predict with absolute confidence what may happen to any man or indeed to any party or country in a voyage over the stormy ocean of the politics of the future. But, so far as I can see, you will retain and enjoy, even far more largely than you possess it now, the confidence of the Commonwealth and of the country, and, if your life and health continue, will have a public career which will extend over a much larger period than that of any of your predecessors or associates. I am, with most affectionate regard, faithfully yours,

GEORGE F. HOAR.

The Hon. Henry Cabot Lodge, United States Senate.

When Mr. Hoar refused to support his party on the treaty with Spain which provided for the transfer of the Philippines to the control of the United States, and became one of the leaders of the opposition in the Senate, there was a widespread belief that he would sever his relations with the Republican party. His reason for remaining a Republican was very frankly stated. He believed that the only way in which a legislator could accomplish anything in this country was by staying with one party.

It is a fact also that his strong personal attachment for President McKinley had much to do with his action in supporting the Republican ticket in 1900. An interesting exhibit on this point is the following statement, dictated for newspaper publication by Mr. Hoar on Feb. 9, 1900, and never before printed as coming from him:

It is very well known to those persons who are nearest Mr. Hoar and most fully in his confidence that his devotion to the Republican party and his personal attachment to President McKinley and his purpose to give him earnest support and to advocate his reelection have not in the least abated by reason of his difference with the President on the grave question relating to the Philippine Islands.

He thinks that if the Republican party cannot be persuaded the case is hopeless. He says there are many more Democrats in Congress in favor of holding the islands than Republicans against it. But one Republican voted with him against the treaty, while nine Democrats and Populist Senators now favor the President's policy. Probably the proportion of Democrats in the House is still larger.

He says the alternative of Bryan is not to be thought of for an instant, even if there were a thousand other reasons against it. Mr. Bryan earnestly labored with his followers to secure the passage of the treaty, when otherwise its defeat would have been certain. There would have been peace long ago and every desire of the opponents of the policy of subjugation would have been accomplished but for Mr. Bryan's interference, which saved the Paris treaty.

After the Paris treaty had been sent to the Senate Mr. Hoar remained away from the White House. He did not go there for months.

The occasion for his first visit after his long absence was the presence in Washington of a distinguished Englishman who was returning home by way of the United States after a visit to the Far East. He had spent some time in the Philippines, and was anxious to tell President McKinley of conditions there.

The Englishman knew Mr. Hoar, and asked the Massachusetts Senator to present him to the President. After some hesitation Mr. Hoar agreed, and duly appeared at the White House with his friend.

The meeting was not apparently embarrassing to either the President or the Senator. After some conversation with the Englishman, Mr. McKinley turned to Mr. Hoar and asked:

"Well, Senator, and how are you feeling?"

"Well, Mr. President, I am feeling a little belligerent," was the response.

This brought a laugh from Senator Frye, who happened to be in the room at the time.

"A little belligerent?" Mr. Frye said, with emphasis on the second word. "Well, I should say so!"

Mr. McKinley smiled, too, and then he said earnestly:

"Well, Mr. Hoar, whatever you believe and say, I still believe in you and love you."

This tribute from the President pleased Mr. Hoar greatly. He told the story many times to his friends as it is given above.

Mr. Hoar delivered many notable speeches, but he was proudest of the address made by him before the New England Society of Charleston, S. C., in 1898. He regarded it as the finest of his efforts, and said he wished it to be remembered because it was entirely free from political partisanship and showed his appreciation of the South and Southern people.

His diction was of the highest literary character, but his voice was not that of an orator. It was rather high pitched and had little carrying power.

On the stump he was frequently witty, but in the Senate was usually profound and serious, although at times he indulged in humor. One of his best remembered shots was at the expense of Senator William V. Allen, the Nebraska Populist, nicknamed "Windy" Allen, whose flow of words was incessant, and who was never willing to stop talking when his auditors grew impatient.

On this occasion Mr. Allen pronounced *ad infinitum* as if it were "ad infinny-tum," and Pitchfork Ben Tillman of South Carolina corrected him, saying it should be "ad in-fin-i-tum." Allen appealed to Mr. Hoar to sustain him, but the Massachusetts Senator indorsed Tillman's pronunciation.

"But," he said, "I suppose the Senator from Nebraska gave the short sound to the 'i' in order to save the time of the Senate."

Of all his Senatorial colleagues who served for any length of time with him, the late Matthew S. Quay of Pennsylvania was the one with whom Mr. Hoar had least to do. The only reason assigned for this was that Mr. Hoar thought that he and Mr. Quay had nothing in common, whereas they were men of congenial tastes, for Mr. Quay loved the classics and rare volumes as much as Mr. Hoar did.

The two men never probably had five minutes of personal conversation. Yet Mr. Hoar was Mr. Quay's foremost champion when the right of the latter to a seat in the Senate, upon the appointment of the Governor of Pennsylvania, became an issue.

Mr. Hoar came in for a great deal of criticism because he secured the dismissal of a street car conductor who, it was asserted, incurred his displeasure by treating him as a helpless old man in assisting him on the car. That Mr. Hoar was peculiar in many ways there can be no doubt; but in this particular case he was misrepresented, according to the statements of his friends and himself.

Mr. Hoar was hurrying to catch the car, and the conductor called out, "Hurry up, old man; get a move on you," or something equally offensive to Mr. Hoar's dignity. As Mr. Hoar reached the car, the conductor, it is asserted, hustled him aboard, good naturedly but roughly, at the same time making a derogatory remark about old age.

The Senator reported the incivility to the railroad company, and the conductor was suspended. The man took the case into the newspapers, and promoted considerable publicity, which reflected upon the action of the company. For this, and not for the original offence, he was discharged.

He opened a store in Washington, but the notoriety he attained soon passed, and his commercial venture was a failure. Then he appealed to Senator Hoar to intercede for him with the company. This Senator Hoar declined to do, but he did ask another railway company to employ the man, and the request was granted.

Mr. Hoar's entrance into national public life was on March 4, 1869, when he became a member of the House of Representatives. He held his seat in the House until March 4, 1877, when he became a Senator.

He held the Massachusetts record for continuous service in the Senate. His series of terms extended over more than twenty-seven years, four years longer than the service of Charles Sumner, who died in 1874, after twenty-three years of service, and who, until 1900, held the State record.

Henry L. Dawes, recently deceased, served for thirty-six years in the national Legislature, but only half of this was in the Senate. Henry Wilson had been a Senator for eighteen years and some months when he was elected Vice-President, the office he held at the time of his death. Daniel Webster's Senatorial service covered twenty years.

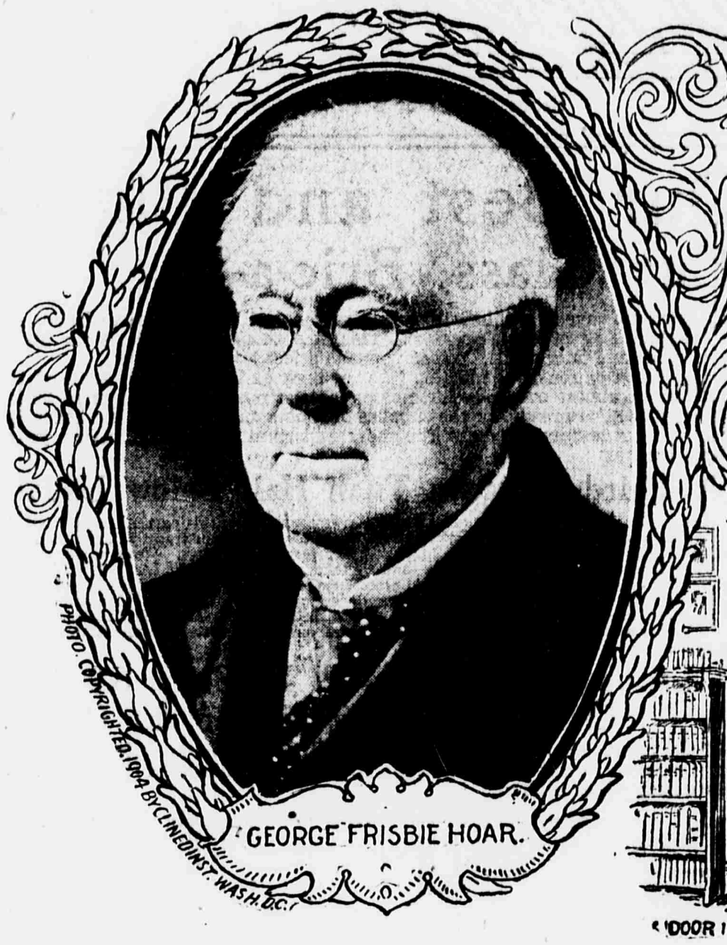
When Mr. Hoar entered the Senate, in 1877, only two men who have seats there now were members. They are Allison of Iowa and Cockrell of Missouri. Stewart of Nevada, who is in the Senate now, had been a member of that body, but retired in 1875, and did not reenter the chamber until 1887. Hale of Maine became a member of the House on the same day that Mr. Hoar did, and took Hannibal Hamlin's seat when the latter voluntarily retired from the Senate in 1881.

The late Senator Morrill of Vermont served forty-four years in both houses of Congress, and the late Senator Sherman served forty-two years continuously as Representative, Senator and Cabinet officer. Two of the present members of the Senate, Pettus and Morgan of Alabama, were Mr. Hoar's seniors in years, being 83 and 80, respectively. Bate of Tennessee is supposed to be along about 80, but he won't tell his age for publication.

Mr. Hoar was regarded as standing at the head of the Senate. He took a conspicuous part in all important debates, was a man of wonderful mental vigor and wide knowledge and withal possessed many of the characteristics of the old-time statesmen.

Curiously enough, in spite of his leadership in much history making legislation, Mr. Hoar found his greatest pride in securing the passage of the bills providing for the rebuilding of William and Mary College in Virginia, and for constructing the Mississippi River jetties under Capt. James B. Eads. His first legislative interest was in the National Education bill which was before the House when he became a member in 1869, and this had the effect of preventing him from retiring from public life in the early '70s. But in 1874 he determined not to stand for reelection, and was made to change his mind only after the most strenuous objection to his desire on the part of his Republican constituents.

Three times Mr. Hoar received offers of offices under the executive government: Mr. Hayes wanted him to be Minister to England; President McKinley asked him to become Ambassador to that country. He was also asked by Mr. Hayes to enter the Cabinet as Attorney-General. He declined all three proffers.



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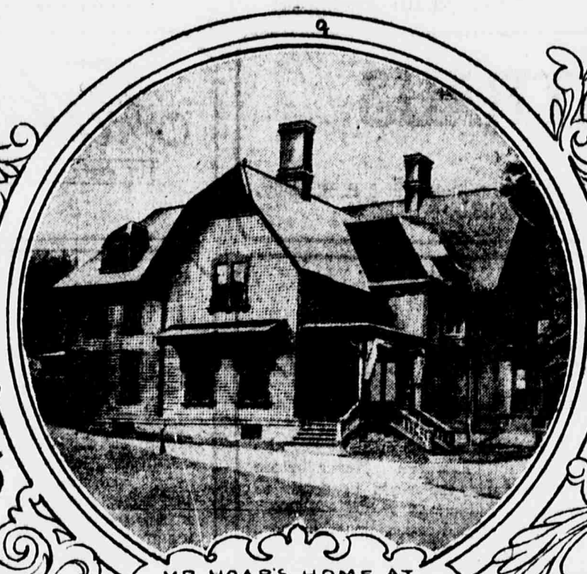
GEORGE FRISBIE HOAR.



MR. HOAR'S HOME AT WORCESTER MASS.

SENATOR HOAR AND AMBASSADOR MEYER

DOOR IN MR. HOAR'S LIBRARY.

CHEST MADE OF TIMBER FROM THE ENGLISH HOME OF MR. HOAR'S ANCESTORS.

CHAIR BACK MADE OF A PEW IN SHAKSPEARE'S CHURCH.

FINE MYTH, THE "BLACK HAND"

AN IMAGINATIVE REPORTER BROUGHT IT TO NEW YORK,

And the Italian Blackmailers, Knowing a Good Thing, Promptly Adopted It—Never Any "Black Hand" Organization Anywhere—Fiction Started in Spain

During the recent outbreak of Italian blackmailing in New York a great deal has been written about the "Black Hand." This is supposed to be a mystic order of Italian criminals, banded together to do violence. The terrible "Black Hand," according to the red ink extras, instigated the Elizabeth street dynamiting and the Croton hold-ups and the Mannino kidnapping. It is supposed to be a terrible organization and in popular fancy has quite driven out the Mafia, to which most Italian crime used to be attributed.

As a matter of fact, a "Black Hand" organization never existed anywhere. There was a fiction that such an order once did business in Spain, but never in Italy. Its importation to New York is due to the lively fancy of a reporter who had an interesting Italian crime to write about and needed a few extra frills. And the fiction grew.

The history of the alleged "Black Hand" society in Spain has to do with the Spanish police and their peculiar system of graft. All the facts about it came out something like a year ago, when certain friends of justice in Paris and London, notably Socialist members in the French Chamber of Deputies, tried to secure the release of three Spanish life term prisoners.

In 1874 there was great social and political unrest in Spain. Alfonso XII. had just made his coup d'état and squashed the republic. His repressive measures were very severe and especially was Andalusia hit hard. That province had been almost ruined by indolent and corrupt landholders under the old régime. Then came the republic with its bright hopes, and then this period of persecution for petty offences.

The laboring class became troublesome, though there is no proof that they did anything worse than protest in public meetings. Still, the new powers were afraid, and Don Tomas Perez Monforte, the Governor of the province, received orders to squelch the discontented.

According to a sworn statement made by one Alvarez, a laborer, he was called before the Governor and invited to stir up the labor leaders to burn a certain vineyard. Alvarez was to notify the police so that the leaders could be caught in the act. For this, he was to be well paid. Alvarez refused. Nevertheless, several vineyards were burned soon afterward, and strange to say the police always caught the culprits red handed. Thirty or forty of them were sent to prison for long terms, and the Governor made a great showing.

Now on one of their expeditions, the police found on the wall of a vineyard, which their confederates were about to have burned, the mark of a hand left by a careless painter. Monforte seems to have conceived a brilliant idea. These crimes were being committed by a secret society of which this hand was the symbol. So the "Black Hand" sprang into existence. To bolster up the notion, Monforte declared that he had found the oath and constitution of the society. The oath was terrible, and the constitution bound its members to commit awful crimes. Monforte never showed this constitution.

Monforte made good in stopping the mouths of Andalusian workmen, and the "Black Hand" fiction lived after him. It has since become very convenient for the Spanish police. Whenever they find a very mysterious and atrocious crime, they "Black Hand" it. This is especially true when the suspects hold liberal views. In 1882, for example, Manuel Gago murdered his cousin Bartholomeo Campos. On the surface, it was a plain fight over a woman. Yet the police found that they were both Republicans and members of labor unions. Campos, the victim, had been expelled from his union because of a liaison with the wife of a member.

By a process not unknown in New York, the police tracked the crime back to the "Black Hand." They arrested 100 workmen and garroted seven as conspirators. Six more were sentenced to life terms. Three of these, Antonio Valero, José Ortega and Salvador Morena, smuggled letters out of jail telling their story. The meetings of a year ago in London and Paris had as their object the release of these prisoners. A Spanish woman, Donna Soledad Gustaro, worked up the history of the "Black Hand" fiction for use in this case.

The "Black Hand" probably never existed anywhere. The fiction of a "Black Hand" never existed in Sicily or anywhere else in Italy. It never existed in the United States until it was invented to color a newspaper story of Italian crime.

Of course, in extortion cases the name "Black Hand" has been signed to actual letters sent to the victims. That is perfectly true. The first "Black Hand" newspaper stories were widely read and Italian blackmailers know a good suggestion when they see it. Especially is the Italian blackmailer clever at giving all the theatrical appurtenances of terror to his threats. He knows that there has been a great to-do about the "Black Hand" in the newspapers, and he figures that the fear of that powerful and unscrupulous organization will drive the victim into his nets. So whenever two or three Italian blackmailers pick an easy mark and sit down in a back room in Broome street to write their threatening letter, they sign it "Black Hand." There is no more organization among these people than among the American "Yegg men." They know others of their kind, and they combine on a job when it seems profitable to do so. That is all.

The Mafia once had a regular organization, and the Mafia myth has more reason for existence in New York. Once a mutual benefit order, the Mafia, in Italy, degenerated gradually into a system of graft, murder and crime. The Italian police broke up the organization. Doubtless there are in New York some members of the old Mafia, but there has never been the slightest proof that it exists here as an organization.

Punishing Indians for Truancy.

From the Kansas City Journal.

It doesn't pay for an Indian schoolboy to play hookey. Guns are employed to capture the truant, and if caught alive he is not tanned with birch, but is hustled to prison like a felon. At least, so we are to believe if this account of one of the tutors at the Chilocco Institute is true. He says:

"One party of five Ponca boys that I escorted to Chilocco last December remained over Sunday and were returning to the reservation ahead of me. Unfortunately, they got on the smoker of the returning train and one of them looked into the coach. I instantly surmised that the others were with him and soon had three well seated and under guard. The fourth refused to come in and we indulged in a wrestling bout on the platform with the train speeding along at a rate of forty miles an hour. I soon quit this method of capture, as it might have ended disastrously for both of us. Just as the train pulled into Ponca City my runaway jumped and I after him. He refused to stop and I fired twice, which simply accelerated his speed, and I am compelled to remark that with proper training that Indian could easily join the professional class of sprinters. I landed at the Ponca agency long after midnight with the three others, who were imprisoned."

LIFE BEHIND THE BILLBOARDS

REAL FARMS RIGHT IN THE HEART OF THE CITY.

You Can Even Spend Your Vacation on a Farm Without Leaving Manhattan Island—Two of These Farms on Fifth Avenue—The Remnant of Squatters.

"What do you know about life behind the billboards?" asked the advertising man whose business takes him all over the city. "No, I don't mean how the people who make them or put them up spend their time. I mean the people who live behind the fences that are plastered with pictures of shining theatrical stars, gay chorus girls and breakfast foods.

"You don't know anything about it? Of course you don't, and few people in this great town do.

"I suppose when I tell you that almost in the heart of this city there are several square block farms, which are run as systematically as any country farm you ever saw, you will think I'm crazy. But I'm not. I know what I am talking about.

"Have you ever been around the upper part of the city? I'm not speaking of The Bronx, but below Harlem. You have? Then I suppose you have noticed whole blocks that are shut off from view by tall fences.

"These fences are all covered with posters, for the value of advertising on these high board squares is not lost, either on the advertiser or the owner, who thereby gets an income from his property. So far as you can see above the top of the fence, the lot behind it is vacant. But it is not, or in most cases that I have seen it is not.

"Inside there are nice, neat, well kept little farms. The people who live there are farmers. They till the ground, and they make their living from it. They have no trouble in finding a market, for the people who live in flats and private houses near by are ready customers.

"I have seen some neat little houses behind those fences, too. The houses are not very roomy, but they are as big as some farmhouses I have run across where there was plenty of land. The houses are more than shacks, because they are at least one story high, and the reason you don't see them is that they are built in a hollow.

"Of course, the people who live in these places do not spend their time like the farmer who is miles away from everybody, but there isn't much difference. On a summer's night you may see the farmer and his family sitting outside of the fence, but they don't wander far away. And they go to bed early, too, which their neighbors don't do.

"I believe that many of the people who live on these fenced in farms are either squatters or their descendants. Probably when they first occupied the property there was no fence around it, but when the owner made up his mind to enclose it he decided that there was no use in evicting until he was ready either to build or to sell the property. In some cases, I understand, these farmers pay rent.

"You would be surprised to know the number of these farms there are, if you didn't look around and count them. There is one not very far from Andrew Carnegie's mansion on upper Fifth avenue. As a matter of fact, there are a couple along the upper end of that aristocratic avenue.

"On the West Side there are several more. In all, I suppose, if I took the trouble to count them off, I could name a dozen or more. They always interest me very much. Their occupants seem contented and enjoy themselves.

"Not long ago I ran into a friend of mine who said he was going on his vacation. I asked him where he was going, and he said he didn't know. He wanted to take a rest on a farm, but he wanted to be near the city, because, he said, he might have to make hurried trips to town.

"More as a joke than anything else, I told him that he might spend his vacation on one of these fenced in city farms. He seemed to take it seriously. He asked me where he could find one, and I told him, more to keep up the joke than anything else, never thinking that he had any idea of following out what I supposed to be a humorous suggestion.

"I didn't see him for about a month, and then I naturally asked him how he had enjoyed his vacation. Then he took me off my feet. It turned out that he took my suggestion literally and called at the farm I had mentioned.

"'I had a fine time,' he told me. 'When it came to the time that I had scheduled for my vacation I found that I had so much important business on hand that I couldn't get away.

"'So I went up and saw the city farmer you spoke to me about. He took me in as a boarder.

"'At night I might as well have been off in the country. In the daytime, except when I had to chase down town on business, I loafed around and watched the farmer work, and that fence was such a barrier that I never felt that I was in the city.'

"Now, what do you think of that?" said the advertising man, as he reached for the seltzer bottle and the glass with the cracked ice.

Persuasion That Brought Confession.

From Cassell's Saturday Journal.

"Did I understand you to say that this boy voluntarily confessed his share in the mischief done to the schoolhouse?" asked the Magistrate, addressing the determined looking female parent of a small and dirty boy.

"Yes, sir, he did," the woman responded. "I just had to persuade him a little, and then he told me the whole thing voluntarily."

"How did you persuade him?" queried his Worship.

"Well, first I gave him a good thrashing," said the firm parent, "and then I put him to bed without any supper and took his clothes away and told him he'd stay in bed till he'd confessed what he'd done, if 'twas the rest of his days, and I should thrash him again in the morning. And in less than an hour he told me the whole story voluntarily."